The Narrows

Dead Meadow

Drop it
Hey
Ugh
Try to crack
And some will react
Vocal snap or trap (?)
I'm trying to rap
Those who try to subdue
the truth
lose their condition
and the flame's unactive
Being an ignited one
in the twentieth century
(?) in a bottle of kerosiene
flame ignites into the black
sending fright
thought you could read minds
and words and insight
Backin' the explosion on stage
comes fear
Frances Fanon
Ya you know his anger is so clear (?)
Using my brain
Until the power is obtained
Using my stength to gain
A struggle for rage
But I
Choose to do doom to (?)
Yeah, you know my anger is a gift
I give to respect to test me on a face
Hah,
Outlaw phase
Release the reason
Allow the pain
The actors change
But the plays the same
C'mon
In the narrows
In the narrows

In the narrows
Some are the victims (?) of power
But the style will (?)
Trying to rap (?) about the structure itself
Pay only people to (?) (Sorry... It's hard to understand Zack right here)
State to state

I set it straight
I investigate
To pay the (?)
I make an impression
Yo
My section after section
No need for repression
Just take a mic
and a rap another session
No need for guessing (either that or gashing)
Yeah
And that shit your spreading
Release the reason
Allow the pain
The actors change
But the plays the same
Release the reason
Allow the pain
The actors change
But the plays the same
C'mon
In the narrows
In the narrows
In the narrows
Ugh
UGH
I'm on the mic
Stepping up to sucka's
while were drumming out the style
and I do it with a smile
When I put punks on trial
Taking 'em back again
Yeah the name of the comprehender (?)
The style I drop is going on and on
To the punks to recognize the style
And to realize
That I'm not no Punk Kid
Just stepping up for the mic hit

Ugh
In the narrows (4x)
Ugh

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